

The Weekly Museum.

VOL. VII.]

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[NUMBER 366.]

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PORTRAIT of Dr. EDWARD YOUNG, or the DEATH BED of a PROFLIGATE.

A Wretch, almost smothered with all the reputed means of happiness, would of all the objects be the most ridiculous, were it not the most melancholy too. Diogenes went about the city of Athens begging to the statues; being asked the reason, he said, he was learning to bear a repulse. These gentlemen should learn the same lesson; no statue can be dearer than most of their pursuits, when they ask real pleasure of them.

These are the men, who, while Providence lays the reins of free-will on their wanton necks rush headlong into even unimportant temptations. But when it shall put its hook in their nose, and its bridle in their jaws; when it shall drag them into the condition of your unhappy friend; or worse, when the shattered, convulsed body shall be shaking out an unwilling soul loth to leave it for a still worse habitation; then, oh! what a change! It places full before me the last hours of that noble youth I mentioned before. Last hours full of anguish! how fit to be remembered by those that wish peace to their own.

I am about to represent to you the last hours of a person of high birth, and high spirit; of great parts, and strong passions, every way accomplished, nor least in iniquity. His unkind treatment was the death of a most amiable wife; and his great extravagance, in effect, disinherited his only child.

But to my point. The death bed of a profligate is next in horror to that abyss, to which it leads. It has the most of hell that is visible on earth. And he that has seen it, has more than faith to confirm him in his creed. I see it now. For who can forget it? Are there in it no flames, and furies?—You know not then, what a scar'd imagination can figure, what a guilty heart can feel. How dismal it is! two great enemies of soul and body, sickness and sin, sink and confound his friend: silence and darken the shocking scene. Sickness excludes the light of heaven! and sin, its blessed hope. Oh! double darkness! more than Egyptian! acutely to be felt!

How unlike those illuminated revels of which he was the soul? did this poor, pallid, scarce animated man dictate in the cabinet of pleasure, pronounce the fashion, and teach the gayest to be gay? are these the trophies of his Paphian conquests? these the triumphs to be bought with heaven? is this he who smote all their hearts with envy at his pre-eminence in guilt? see, how he lies, a sad, deserted outcast, on a narrow isthmus, between time and eternity? for he is scarce alive. Lash'd and overwhelm'd on one side, by the sense of sin, on the other, by

the dread of punishment! beyond the reach of human help, and in despair of divine.

His dissipated fortune, impoverish'd babe, and murdered wife, lie heavy on him; the ghost of his murdered time (for now no more is left) all stained with folly, and gasp'd with vice, haunts his distracted thought. Conscience, which long had slept, awakes like a giant refreshed with wine; says waste all his former thoughts and desires; and, like a long deposed, now victorious prince, on his bleeding heart, imposes, inflicts, its own. Its late soft whispers are thunder in his ears; and all means of grace rejected, exploded, ridiculed, is the bolt that strikes him dead. Dead even to the thoughts of death: In deeper distress, despair of life is forgot. He lies a wretched wreck of man on the shore of eternity, and the next breath he draws, blows him off into ruin.

How think we then? Is not the death bed of a profligate the most natural and powerful antidote for the poison of his example? Heal not the bruised scorpion the wound it gave? Intends not heaven, that struck with the terrors of such an exit, we should provide comfort for our own? Would not he, who departs obdurate from it, continue adamant, thought one rose from the dead? For such a scene partly draws aside the curtain that divides time from futurity; and, in some measure, gives to sight that tremendous, of which we only had the feeble report before.

Is no this then a prime school of wisdom? Are not they obliged, that are invited to this? For what else should reclaim us? The pulpit? We are prejudiced against it. Besides, an agonizing profligate, thought silent, out preaches the most celebrated that the pulpit ever knew; but, if he speaks, his words might instruct the best instructors of mankind. Next in the warm converse of life, we think with men; on a death bed, with God.

But there are two lessons of this school written, as it were, in capitals, which they that run may read. First, he that, in this his minority, this school of discipline, this field of conflict, instead of grasping the weapons of his welfare, is for ever gathering flowers and catching butterflies, with this unarmed hand; ever making idle pleasures his pursuit; must pay for it his vast reversion; and on opening his final accounts (of which a death bed breaks the seal) shall find himself a beggar; past beggary; and will passionately wish, that his very being were added to the rest of his loss.

The sad evening before the death of that noble youth, whose last hours suggested these thoughts, I was with him. No one was there, but his physician, and an intimate whom he had retained. At my coming in, he laid,

"You and the physician are come too late.—I have neither life, nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead." Heaven, I said was merciful—

"Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bless, and to save me?—I have been too strong for omnipotence! I plucked down ruin."

I said, The Blessed Redeemer—

"Hold! hold! you wound me!—That is the rock on which I split—I denied his name."

Refusing to hear any thing from me, or take any thing from the physician, he lay silent as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock struck. Then with vehemence;

"Oh, time! time! it is fit thou should'st thus strike thy murderer to the heart. How art thou fled forever! a month! Oh, for a single week! I ask not for years. Though an age were too little for the much I have to do."

On my saying, we could not do too much; that heaven was a blessed place—

"So much the worse. 'Tis lost! 'tis lost!—Heaven is to me the severest part of hell."

Soon after I proposed prayer.

"Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray. Nor need I. Is not Heaven on my side already? It closes with my conscience. In severest strokes but second my own."

His friend being touched, even to tears, at this (who could forbear? I could not) with a most affectionate look, he said:

"Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee. Dost weep for me? that is cruel. What can pain me more?"

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.

"No, stay. Thou still may'st hope; therefore hear me. How madly I have talked? how madly hast thou listened, and believed? but look on my present state, as a full answer to thee, and myself. This body is all weakness and pain; but my soul, as if stung up by torments to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason: full mighty to suffer. And that, which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is doubtless immortal. And, as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel."

I was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary, confessor, on his asserting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature; when he thus, very passionately

"No, no, let me speak on. I have not long to speak—My much-injured friend! my soul, as my body, lies in ruin; in scattered fragments of broken thought: remorse for

the past throws my thought on the future. Worse dread of the future back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldst struggle with the martyr for his stake; and blest Heaven for the flames:—*That* is not an everlasting flame; *That* is not an unquenchable fire."

How were we struck? Yet, soon after, still more. With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out:

"My principles have poisoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy; my unkindness has murdered my wife!—Oh! thou blasphemed, yea, most indulgent, Lord God! hell itself is a refuge, if it hides me from thy frown."

Soon after, his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgot. And ere the sun (which I hope has seen few like him) arose, the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched, *Altamont* expired.

If this is a man of pleasure, what is a man of pain? How quick, how total, is the transit of these Phaetontids! In what a dismal gloom they set forever! How short, alas! the day of their rejoicing! For a moment they glitter, they dazzle. In a moment where are they? Oblivion covers their remorses.—Ah! would it did! Infamy snatches them from oblivion. In the long-living annals of infamy their triumphs are recorded. Thy sufferings still bleed in the bosom (Poor *Altamont* had a friend.) He might have had many. With what advantages, for being greatly good? But with the talents of anger a man may be a fool. If he judges amiss in the supreme point, judging right in all else but aggravates his folly; as it shews him wrong, tho' blessed with the best capacity of doing right."

CROSS READINGS.

THE OLD MAID—will be exposed for sale, at public auction, by permission of the general court,

John Dyer, saddler and trunk maker, begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that—*The Africa, Cleopatra, Thitbe and Lynx*, are cruising off the capes of Virginia.

A young woman, with a good breast of milk, wishes to suckle—*Hans Gram, Samuel Hol-yoke, and Oliver Holden*, of the said district.

Accounts, from Charleston, mention, that that city—was cast away, in the late storm, at Squam, near Cape-Anne.

This day, is landed, a few pipes, half pipes, and quarter casks of—*The dignity of human nature*.

Wanted, an industrious, sober man, who understands, and will do, the business of—a young, married woman.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

SOLUTION

TO THE BASKET OF FLOWERS, ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED IN YOUR LAST.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1 TUBEROSE, | 2 Carnation, |
| 3 Gilliflower, | 4 Larkspurs, |
| 5 Sweet-william | 6 Jasmin, |
| 7 Woodbine, | 8 Jonquil, |
| 9 Cowslip, * | 10 Violet, |
| 11 Sunflower, | 12 Snowdrop. |

R. C.

* A Typographical error was observed in this word, viz. SHIP, instead of SLIP.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ENIGMA.

WHAT is it, that God never made, but yet was made, and has a soul to be saved?

April 1st, 1795.

SPHINX.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.
ENIGMA.

FROM yonder village, hark! what shouts arise,
What peals of laughter pierce the vaulted skies;

The strong, the bold, the active youths are out,
The circle's made, behold them stand about;

See rival heroes try superior skill,

They wish to conquer, but they scorn to kill;

To me the youthful victor flies, at last

I prove a laurel for his labours past.

View the staunch pointer, hear the muskets roar!

See how the smoke in circling columns soar!

In scenes like this I frequently impart

What proves a pleasure to the sportsman's heart;

Unto the poor I kind assistance lend,

And oft surround them like a worthy friend.

Ye generous bards, well skill'd in mystic lore,

Peruse my virtues and my name explore.

April 2d, 1795.

COCKRELL.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.
TO THE NIGHTENGALE.

WHEN night has spread her sable shade,
And clos'd the busy scenes of day;
When dusky lights the lawns pervade,
In solitude I love to stray.

Where on the margin of some stream,

Poor Philomela tunes her note,

Which on the breezy zephyrs float,

And echo still repeats the theme.

Sing on sweet bird and cheer the heart,

Which like thee seeks the silent grove;

Oh could thy tunes relief impart,

To heal the cruel pangs of love.

Thy powers for a while may ease

The breast that bursts with secret pain,

But to dispel the sad disease,

Alas! thy sweetest notes are vain.

March 30th, 1795.

ADELA.

ACROSTIC.
TO MISS

ATTEND, fair damsel, to my friendly lays;
M^ake *virtue* the best pattern of your ways,
Y^our sex to honor, and your self to grace.

Wⁱth this posselt, although your life decay,
E^steem shall last when beauty fades away,
E^xalt your name, and shine beyond your day.

Kⁱnd Heaven will guard you life's short jour-
ney o'er,

E^xulting then, you, for the blissful shore,
S^hall stretch your pinions to return no more.

April 2d, 1795.

ETHICUS.

A CHARACTER FROM SHAKESPEAR.
WASHINGTON.

MAY he live

Longer than I have time to tell his years!

Ever below'd and loving may his rule be!

And when old Time shall lead him to his end,

Goodness and he fill up one monument.

King Henry VIII.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

SOLUTION

TO THE ENIGMA IN YOUR LAST

THAT which is neither animal, vegetable,
nor mineral; of neither sex, yet between
both, is MARRIAGE; it is seldom given to
persons under four, or over six feet; and is re-
corded in the old Testament, and recom-
mended in the new.

April 2d, 1795.

ETHICUS.

THE ART OF BEING PRETTY.

IN the countenance there are but two requisites
to perfect beauty, which are wholly produced
by external causes, colour and proportion; and
it will appear that even in common estimation
these are not the chief; but that though there
may be beauty without them, yet there cannot
be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most exact
symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming
complexion, must be animated before they can
strike; and when they are animated, will gene-
rally excite the same passions which they express.
If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibili-
ty, they will be examined without emotion; and
if they do not express kindness, they will be be-
held without love. Looks of contempt, disdain
or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror,
by every countenance on which they are turned;
and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but
like that of a savage, for his prey, which cannot
be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular graces the dimple has always
been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is
evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a
smile is an expression of complacency; so the
contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an
indication of a contrary temper, has always been
deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the
beauty, by which his passion was suddenly and
irresistibly determined to a particular object; but
this could never happen, if it depended on any
known rule of proportion, upon the shape of or
disposition of the features, or the colour of the
skin: He tells you it is something which he can-
not truly express, something not fixed in a fea-
ture but diffused over all; he calls it a sweetness,
a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives some o-
ther appellation which connects beauty with sen-
timent, and expresses a charm which is not pec-
uliar to any set of features, but is perhaps pos-
sible to all.

Beauty depends principally upon the mind and
may be influenced by education. It has often
been remarked that the predominant passion may
generally be discovered in the countenance, be-
cause the muscles by which it is expressed being
almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone,
and never totally relax; so that the expression re-
mains, where the passion is suspended; thus an
energy, a disdainful, subtil and pernicious tem-
per is displayed in characters that are almost uni-
versally understood.

It is equally true of the pleasing and softer
passions, that they leave their signatures upon
their countenance when they cease to act; the
prevalence of passion, therefore, produces a me-
chanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn
and cast to the features, which makes a more fa-
vourable and forcible impression on the mind of
others, than any charm produced by mere exter-
nal causes.

From these reflections, may it not be fairly
concluded, that none can be the genuine disci-
ples of graces, but in the school of virtue; and
that those, who wish to be LOVELY, must learn
to be GOOD.

EPIGRAM.

A Drunken Scot, by the rigorous sentence
Of the kirk was condemn'd to the stool of
repentance.

Mess John to his conscience his vices laid home,
And his danger in this, and the world that's to come.
Thou reprobate mortal! why, dost thou not know
Where, after you're dead, all you drunkards must go
Must go when we're dead? Why, sir, you may swear
We shall go one and all where we find the best beer.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 4.

Amsterdam Taken.

By Thursday's Southern Mail, we have received the following interesting intelligence.

PHILADELPHIA, April 1.

THIS day arrived here, the ship *America*, Capt. Ewing, in 39 days from Harve-de-marat, who informs—That Amsterdam and all Holland were taken possession of by the Armies of France in the month of February, without any resistance—That twelve ships of the line, and about one thousand merchantmen, fell into the hands of the French at Amsterdam—That the English fleet were in Torbay—That three French ships of the line had foundered at sea, and the remainder of the fleet had returned into port—That the Stadtholder had fled to England—and that the armies of France were equally successful in Spain, &c."

The same correspondent also says, "That French papers are received by the *America*, containing sundry particulars respecting these events."

CONFIRMATION.

By a gentleman from the Eastward.

A vessel has arrived at Marblehead, in which has come passenger, and is now in this city, Mr. T. Hall, who brings accounts from London as late as the 12th of February—These accounts mention, that Amsterdam was taken possession of by the French on the 19th of January, who were also in possession of Rotterdam and other parts of Holland, as well as of the whole of the Dutch navy.

The English and Dutch forces were obliged to retreat into Prussia and Germany, in consequence of the Dutch navy being in possession of the French. The Stadtholder and his family arrived in London the 20th Jan. The French and English fleets were both in port. The large English fleets of merchantmen had not failed.

The capture of Amsterdam was celebrated at Havre-de-Grace on the 1st of February with every demonstration of joy.

Some murmurs were still existing in the House of Commons against the war; but a large majority supported the Minister in immense preparations of a naval force.

It is asserted that the French fleet lately arrived at Guadaloupe, took on their passage 37 sail of British vessels.—The prisoners were put on board one of the largest ships, and set at liberty—the remaining [36 sail] were either sunk or burnt.

The foregoing intelligence is communicated to us by a respectable merchant in this city—he had it from a person who came passenger in the brig *Endeavour*, Capt. Rice, from St. Bartholomew's—this person was on board the fleet, was an eye-witness to the whole of the transactions, and is a man of undoubted veracity.—He also informs us of the arrival of a French frigate at St. Bartholomew's, and the sailing of the French privateers from that Island.

Extract of a letter from Philadelphia, dated the 1st instant.

By the arrival of a letter from Bourdeaux after short passage, we have certain accounts of the taking of Rotterdam and Amsterdam, together with a large number of Merchantmen and part of the Dutch Navy—A report is also prevalent of an action having taken place in the Channel, between the two fleets—in which it is said the French have been victorious—the particulars of which have not yet transpired."

Extract of a letter from Antigua, dated March 11, 1795, per the *Susan*, Capt. Lines.

This will inform you of the landing of the

French in Grenada, it is said that they have possession of three-fourths of the Island. The news is brought by an English schooner just arrived." Extract of a letter from Amsterdam, dated June 29, 1795.

"Our Revolution took place last Sunday, the 18th inst. and continues as yet to go on moderately; no one has suffered either in his person or property, but the abuses in government, and the want of money, require time and prudence to correct. The French will suffer us to be a Republic by ourselves, although a great force is in our country, and even in our city. This perhaps may prove for some time beneficial, in order to keep in awe the opposite party who looses all influence and advantage. We are cut off from England—all our packets are gone, and probably none will arrive soon, unless a revolution also takes place there, (of which there is much talk) bringing about general peace, so much wished for."

HAGUE, 7th Pluivoise.

The members of the new states of the province of Holland, being assembled at the hotel called Heerelogeement, the citizens of the Hague were induced to compliment them. Citizen Peter Paulus was chosen President. Two secretaries were likewise appointed, to wit, De Lange and Spoors. The former secretary Royer was called in and he was directed to convoke. The Assembly without calling either the ci-devant Nobility, or the Grand Pensionary. They went in a body to the general assembly of the states, where they were received by the secretary Royer.—They qualified themselves as Provisionary Representatives of the people of Holland—They decreed the sovereignty of the People, and the Rights of Man, and abolished the Stadtholdership with all its dependencies. The oath upon the old constitution was suppressed.

The Chambers of Accounts and others were dissolved, and were replaced by Committees of Public Welfare, military affairs and finances, which were immediately organized.

The Deputies to the States General have been recalled, and the liberty of gunning upon one's own ground has been allowed. They have given notice of all this to the Representatives of the French people, who were satisfied therewith.

Thursday morning last about 4 o'clock the work shop of Messrs. Coulthard, and Co. tanners, near the fresh water pond accidentally caught fire and was entirely consumed, together with a large quantity of leather—the loss is estimated at between three and four thousand pounds—A large frame building adjoining was several times on fire, but from the usual exertions of the firemen and citizens, it was extinguished without being much damaged.

Ship *Cleopatra*, George Decay, is arrived at Lisbon, in 26 days from New-York, all well.

PHILADELPHIA, April 1.

We are informed by Capt. Brown, who sailed from Basseterre (Gaudaloupe) on the 1st March, that perfect order and unanimity reigned throughout the whole island. The military having increased to 12,000 men, under good discipline, and in high spirits, an attack on one of the neighbouring British islands was confidently spoken of, and considerable preparations making for that purpose—The forming a large camp at the Saints, had attracted all the British ships of war to that side of the island, and a transport chased on shore by them, and three or four hundred soldiers on board, who, however, were safely landed. This ship sailed from France, with the fleet lately arrived, but was obliged to put back for some time, having sprung a leak.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Saturday evening the 21st ult. Mr. ISAAC BLYDENBURG, to Miss SUSANNAH SMITH, step-daughter of Mr. Isaac Smith, of Smith Town, Long-Island.

On Monday evening the 23d ult. by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. JOSEPH CLEMHORN, to Miss MARIA GRIMSTEAD, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev Dr. Linn, Mr. CORNELIUS HERTELL, to Miss GRACE RIKER, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Rattoon, Mr. JOHN MARLEY, merchant, of this city, to Miss MARY SCHUYLER, daughter of Mr. John Schuyler, of Barbadoes Neck, New-Jersey.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. WINANT DEBEVOIS, to Miss ELIZABETH KELLY, both of Long-Island.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. ISRAEL HUNT, to Miss PEGGY JOHNSON, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. ADRIAN BOGART, to Miss MARIA BARTHOLF, both of this city.

At Kingston (Elopus) by the Rev. Mr. Doll, the Hon. PETER VAN GAASBEEK, Esq. to Miss SALLY DUMOND, both of that place.

T H E A T R E.

The Public are respectfully informed, that the nights of Performance, this week, will be Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday.

BY THE OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.

ON MONDAY EVENING, April 6.

Will be presented, A COMEDY, called, The

TEMPEST:

Or, The ENCHANTED ISLAND.

To conclude with a Grand Masque of NEPTUNE and AMPHITRITE.

To which will be added, a COMIC OPERA, called, The

POOR SOLDIER.

Box 8s. Pit 6s. Gallery 4s.

Places in the Boxes may be had of Mr Faulkner, at the Box-Office from Ten to Twelve, A. M. and on the Days of Performance from Three to Five; P. M. where also Tickets may be had and at Mr. Gaine's book-store, at the Bible in Pearl-Street.

The Doors will be opened at half past Five, and the Curtain drawn up precisely at half past Six o'Clock.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

A JOURNEYMAN Copperplate Printer, to whom good wages, and constant employ will be given—Enquire of the Printer.

New-York, April 4.

60—tf.

WANTED,

TWO LADS, from 13 to 16 years of age, of reputable connections, as Apprentices to the Printing Business—Enquire of the Printer. April 4.

60—tf.

A Complete set of the DIARY, from the commencement to this date, for sale at this Office.

Court of Apollo.

ON LIBERTY.

NOT in the desolated void
Of cities level'd, Man destroy'd,
Fair LIBERTY delights!
Her pure feet shun the track of blood,
Her eyes abhor th' ensanguin'd flood,
She loaths the brutal rites.
Oh! may again her hand divine,
Rich Burgundy, thy clusters twine!
Or gilding Lyon's looms,
Give the inustrious poor that sense
Wak'd only by her influence,
Which quickens Nature's blooms!
Not who deny the First Great Cause,
Can know the sanctitude of laws
Which erring will controul;
To reason sacred be that check
Which binds the wicked, guards the weak,
And guides the patriot soul.

JOHN HARRISSON,

Has just received, in addition to his former assortment the following New and Entertaining
NOVELS, &c
SYDNEY & EUGENIA, Queen of France,
Woody Park, or the Victims of Revenge,
The Life & Adventures of Anthony Leger, Esq:
or, the Man of Shifts. In three vols.
Letters from Henrietta to Morvina,
Julius, or the Natural Son,
History of Jane Gray, Queen of England,
Siege of Belgrade, an Historical Novel,
Gabrielle De Vergey an Historic Tale,
Delicate Dettress, Tristram Shandy,
Gertrude or the Orphan of Llanfrust,
Penitent Father, or injured innocence triumphant,
Life and surprising achievements of Samuel Sim-
kin, Esq.
Expedition of Little Pickle, or the Pretty Plotter,
Mrs. Davies' Diary, Cowley's Poems,
Arabian Tales, being a continuation of the Ara-
bian Nights,
Fool of Quality, Julia Mandeville,
Man of Feeling, Man of the World, Julia De
Roubigne,
Paradise lost, do. regain'd, elegant copy,
Pindar's Poems, handsome edition.
Hervey's dialogues, Gospel Sonnets.
A great variety of the newest Song Books, and
A large assortment of Plays and Pamphlets, &c.
Blank Books and Stationary, &c. &c

UNITED STATES LOTTERY,

For the improvement of the City of
WASHINGTON,

WILL commence drawing in a few
days: Tickets may be had by applying
at D. DUNHAM'S Store, No. 26, Moore-Street,
near the Elizabeth-Town Ferry, New-York;
where Tickets in the last and present Lottery
will be carefully examined and Prizes paid.

And a scheme of the Patterson Lottery for
establishing useful Manufactures, may be seen by
applying as above.

N. B. To Let to the 1st of May next, 3 or 4
Rooms with the use of a Kitchen, Cistern, Yard,
&c. and for the ensuing year if required like-
wise one or two furnished rooms, by applying as
above.

The Moralist.

CHARITY.

THE essence of religion is Charity—Its sum and
substance is in a tender and benevolent heart—
an heart melting with desires for the good of our neigh-
bours as our own—and that not merely on account of
his being of this or that party, but on account of his
being a man—of the same nature as ourselves—equal-
ly walking with us towards the grave—equally the
candidate of a glorious immortality.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale by J. Fellows, P. Mesier, T. Allen,
and the Printer hereof,

No. 3, Peck-slip,

(Price 3/6 sewed, 5/ bound)

Memoirs of Mrs. Coghlan,

(daughter of the late Major Montcrieffe) written
by herself, and dedicated to the British nation;
being interspersed with Anecdotes of the late
American and present French war; with remarks
moral and political.

And what is friendship but a name,

A charm that lulls to sleep—

A shade that follows wealth and fame,

But leaves the wretch to weep.

March 28.

Goldsmith.

Extracts from the Work.

Oh! may these pages one day meet the eye of
him who subdued my virgin heart, whom the im-
mutable, unerring laws of nature had pointed
out for my husband, but whose sacred decree the
barbarous customs of society fatally violated.
To him I plighted my virgin vow, and I shall
never cease to lament, that obedience to a father
left it incomplete. When I reflect on my past
sufferings, now that, alas! my present sorrows
press heavily upon me, I cannot refrain from ex-
patriating a little on the inevitable horrors which
ever attend the frustration of natural affections;
I myself, who, unpitied by the world, have en-
dured every calamity that human nature knows,
am a melancholy example of this truth; for if I
know my own heart, it is far better calculated
for the purer joys of domestic life, than for that
hurricane of extravagance and dissipation on
which I have been wrecked.—

Why is the will of nature so often perverted?
Why is social happiness for ever sacrificed at the
altar of prejudice? Avarice has usurped the
throne of reason, and the affections of the heart
are not consulted. We cannot command our de-
sires, and when the object of our being is unat-
tained, misery must necessarily be our doom.
Let this truth, therefore, be for ever remem-
bered: when once an affection has rooted itself in a
tender, constant heart, no time, no circumstance
can eradicate it. Unfortunate, then, are they
who are joined, if their hearts are not match-
ed!—

59—tf.

A WET NURSE.

A Healthy Woman, 26 years of age, of a
respectable and unexceptionable character,
having a good breast of milk, wishes to take a
healthy child of reputable parents, to suckle in
her own house. Please to enquire of the Printer.

March 21.

58—4

An Apprentice to the Printing Business.

A N active Lad of about 14 or 15 years of
age, and of reputable connections, is
wanted at this Office.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BLACK LEAD POTS,

EQUAL to any imported and cheaper.—
BLACK LEAD, both coarse and fine, for
the purpose of blackning Franklin stoves, and
irons with brass heads; planes of various sorts,
good glue, brands of copper or cast iron, of any
description, screw augers, pots, kettles, griddles,
pye-pans, iron tea kettles, wool and cotton cards,
&c.—Also, a general assortment of

IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.

Lately imported, and will be disposed of on rea-
sonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN.

No. 2, Beekman-stip.

S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and
the public that she continues to carry on the
STAY, MANTUA MAKING, and MILLINA-
RY BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 101, Pear-
street, (formerly Great Dock-street) until May
next, when she will remove to No. 30, Vesey-
street, (the premises she has engaged for 6 years)
where she hopes for the continuance of those fa-
vors which it will be her constant endeavors to
deserve.

N. B. Handsome and airy apartments, gen-
teely furnished, may be had from the first May
at No. 30, Vesey-street. Feb. 14, 1795.

NOTICE.

ALL those indebted to the estate of John
Titus, late of the city of New-York ship-
carpenter, deceased, are requested to make im-
mediate payment to the subscriber; and all those
who have any demands against the said estate,
are requested to render in their accounts for ad-
justment. ABIGAIL TITUS, Administratrix.
February 28, 1795. 55—6w.

BOOK BINDING

IN all its branches, by Peter Burtzell, Book-
Binder, No. 95, Beekman-street, four doors
east of the City Dispensary, all kinds of Books
bound at the shortest notice in Morocco, Calf or
Sheep leather, gilt or plain. Merchants account
books of every size, ruled and bound in the
neatest manner. Ledgers ruled for double or single
entry with or without Russia bands, port folios,
and merchants police and memorandum books
made to any size or pattern.

N. B. All orders strictly attended to.

March 14.

57—6t

R. LOYD, respectfully informs his friends and
the public, that he continues to carry on the
UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BU-
SINESS, in all its branches, at No. 101, Pearl-
street, (formerly Great Dock-street) as usual,
till May next, when he will remove to No. 30, Ve-
sey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of
their favors, which by a strict attention to busi-
ness he will endeavor to deserve. One or two
youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Ap-
prentices. Feb. 14, 1795.

THOMAS CONREY,

No 90, Cbatbam-street, near the Tea Water-Pump,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Public, and his
friends, that he has on hand a general as-
sortment of fashionable Mahogany Furniture,
which he will sell cheap for Cash.

N. B. All orders attended to and compleated
with dispatch. Venitian Blinds made and hung
at the shortest notice.

New-York, March 28, 1795.

59—t.f.

SIGN PAINTING, GILDING & GLAZING,

By JOHN VANDER POOL,

No. 75, Pearl-Street, fronting Coenties-slip.